



FREE MISSION ASSPOSSIBLE SIGNED DVD!

HIGH SOCIETY has teamed up with PRIVATE/MAGIK VIEW ENTERTAINMENT to offer 10 lucky winners a great new opportunity—a chance to win a FREE MISSION ASSPOSSIBLE DVD, signed by super-sexy cast member KORTNEY KANE!



That's right—there's no catch and there's no charge! All you have to do is fill out and mail the coupon below for your chance to win this hot, new autographed DVD.

Mail to: HIGH SOCIETY MISSION ASSPOSSIBLE Giveaway 210 Route 4 (Suite 211) Paramus, NJ 07652-5103	Name			
	Address			
	City	State	Zip	Phone
	E-mail Address			
Want A Signed MISSIG	ON ASSPOSSIBLE DVD Because			

I hereby certify that I am 18 years of age or older (Please Sign Here)

HOW TO ENTER: NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. All entries must be received by December 1, 2012 to be eligible. Winners will be chosen at random. Winners will be notified by phone or e-mail. Publisher and its affiliates will not be responsible for late, lost, misdirected, incomplete or illegible entries.

You must be a U.S. resident and 18 years of age or older to enter. Employees (and members of their immediate families) of Publisher or any of its affiliates are not eligible. Odds of winning depend on the total number of valid entries received. All taxes (federal, state and/or local, if any) will be the responsibility of the winner. The aggregate value of the prize is approximately \$100. All federal, state and local laws apply. Void where prohibited or restricted by law.

FOR ADULTS ONLY!

HS196

contents HOLIDAY 2012



- **6 KRISTEN PRICE** Priced Just Right
- **20 SAMMIE RHODES & BREE DANIELS**
- **30 TOASTEE EXPOSED**The Latest FLAVA In Celebrity Sex
- 36 SPENCER SCOTT RETURNS
 Great Scott!
- 46 ANISSA KATE POV The Magic Touch
- **58 GODFATHER XXX** On The Set Of A DreamZone Parody
- 64 ANGELA SOMMERS: HORNY HOUSEWIFE Sommer Lovin'
- 78 BIONIC BUTTHOLE
 Aliz's O-Ring Blowout
- 92 MAXIMUM HARDCORE
 The Filthiest Collection Of Explicit Sex Ever!
- 96 REBECA LINARES & NICOLE ANISTON'S STRIP CLUB X-POSED Horny Whores Dine On Dick & Clit
- 112 RISE OF THE CANNIBAL ZOMBIES
 Bath Salts: Epidemic Or Phantom Menace
- 120 LONDON KEYES
 Porn Star Spotlight
- 138 PRINCESS OF PUSSY Nubile Noble Crystal Dildos Her Pussy!

CREATORS

Executive Editor: VINCENT STEVENS • Art Director: CHAZ WORTH • Magazine Mascot: JUGGY GALES Director Of Production: E. HONIG • Circulation Manager: TonyD@procirc.com • Production Manager: FULVIO BRITO

PHOTOGRAPHY

J.S. Hicks • Suze Randall • Mark Lit • Kaden • Thomas Rifter • Holly Randall • Jules Bart • Tammy Sands • Earl Miller

ADVERTISING

MPG Advertising, 210 Route 4 East, Suite 211, Paramus, NJ 07652 Phone: (201) 843-4004 x113 Fax: (201) 843-8775

HIGH SOCIETY Magazine, Number 196 Holiday 2012

The records, if any, required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. ß 2257 and 28 C.F.R. B 75 are located at the office of the publisher, Berkeley Publications, Inc., 210 Route 4 East, Suite 211, Paramus, New Jersey 07652-5103, Custodian of Records. WARNING: FOR ADULTS ONLY.

High Society (ISSN 1075-0800) (USPS 342-050) No.196 Holiday. Published monthly except semimonthly in October, under license, by Berkeley Publications, Inc. Contents copyrighted @ 2012. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs if they are to be returned, and publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Any similarity between people and places in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. People appearing in this magazine are models, except where otherwise noted, and are used for illustrative purposes only and neither the photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict model's actual conduct, statements and personalities. All models are 18 years of age or older. All letters send to the publisher will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to publisher's right to edit and comment editorially. The publisher assumes no responsibility for any advertisements or any representations made therein including, but not limited to, the quality or deliverability or the products or services advertised. Periodicals postage paid at Paramus, NJ and additional offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to: Magazine Services, Dept. High Society, P.O. Box 9030, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310. Subscriptions (one year) U.S. \$39.99, Canada \$59.99, all others \$65.99, All orders must be in U.S. funds. PRINTED IN CANADA.











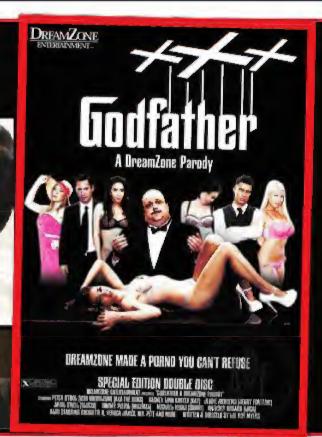
















































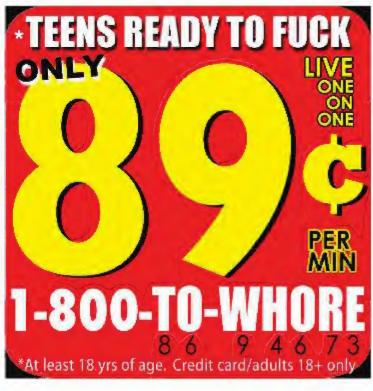












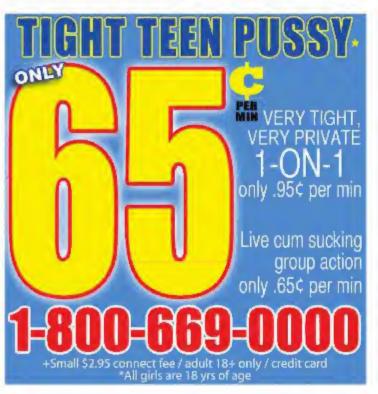






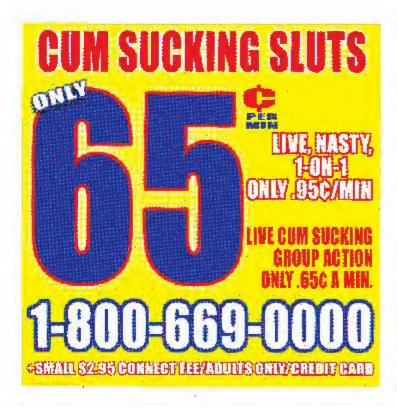
















































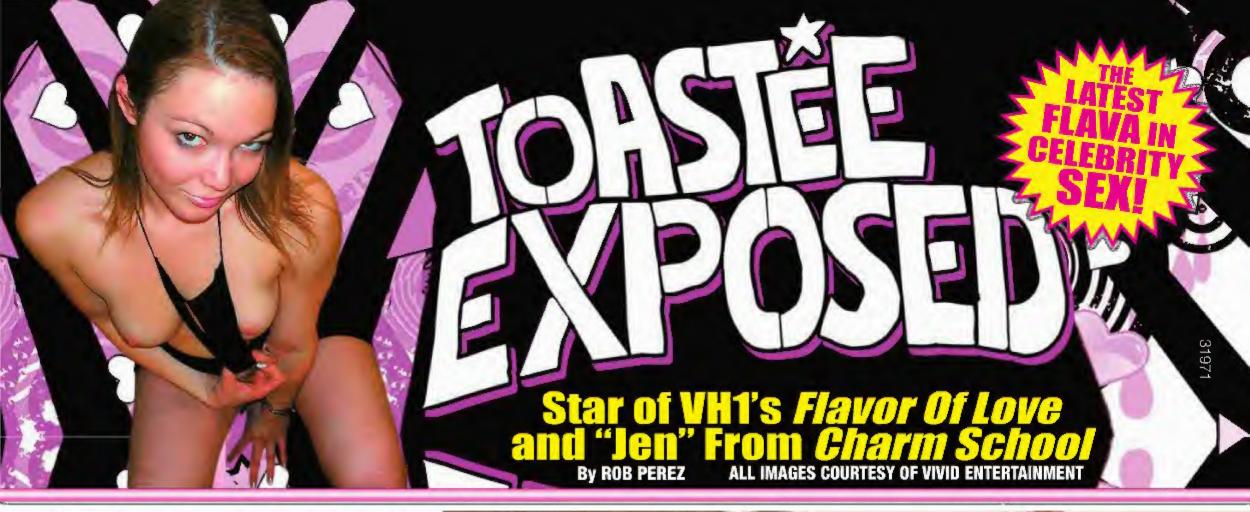












emember Toastee? She's the sexy gal who fought for Flavor Flav's love on the reality TV smash hit Flavor of Love 2 and also became the "good girl" on VH1's Charm School. Well, this good girl has finally turned bad with the release of the Vivid Celebrity Sex Tape, Toastee Exposed. Back in the saddle and naughty as hell, Toastee Exposed has some really hot, wild sex in store for you.

You may recognize Toastee from an "instructional" video she made that got her kicked off Flavor of Love 2. True, Toastee did achieve celebrity status as a competitor on VH1's FOL2, but she was unceremoniously bounced from the show after it was discovered that she had done some nude modeling on the side and appeared in a porn movie under the stage name "Natalia the Scissor Vixen." As "Natalia," Toastee was known for holding down the heads of the men with whom she had sex. In Toastee Exposed, she bends and stretches like a wet dream come to life, her well-developed thighs and rock-hard calves seemingly cut from a gymnast's physique, all the while looking as innocent as the girl-next-door.

Toastee's real name is Jennifer Toof and she was born on February 22, 1984 in Havertown, Pennsylvania. She also grew up in the southeastern Pennsylvania town and attended Haverford High School. While at Northeastern University, she obtained a Psychology Degree and was accepted to medical school. While in college, she realized the huge amount of schoolwork she was receiving was preventing her from holding down a normal day job, so Toastee returned to modeling primarily because it was fun, easy, and lucrative. With the money earned from glamour modeling, but still aspiring to be a clinical psychologist, Toastee started her own modeling agency called Glitterati Models, to help other young girls get an inside track into the incredibly competitive world of modeling.

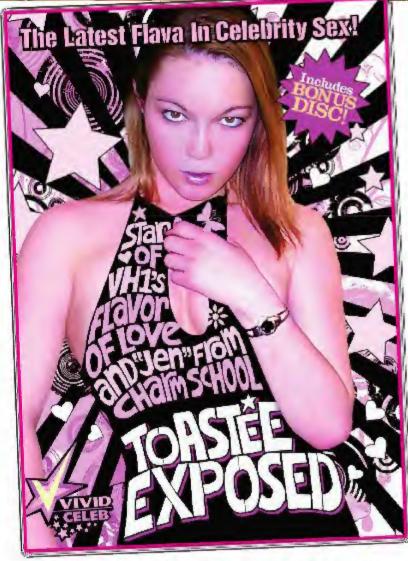


TOASTEE BENDS AND STRETCHES LIKE A
WET DREAM COME TO LIFE, HER WELL-DEVELOPED
THIGHS AND ROCK-HARD CALVES SEEMINGLY
CUT FROM A GYMNAST'S PHYSIQUE, ALL THE
WHILE LOOKING AS INNOCENT AS THE
GIRL-NEXT-DOOR.









But, before deciding to go the mainstream route, Toastee decided to first have a little bit of fun. In 2006, she appeared as one of the contestants in Flavor of Love: Season 2. The show pitted 20 ladies against each other for the love of the crazy clock king as they lived out their fantasies together in a tricked-out California mansion in the Hills. Toastee was eliminated from the show after Flav found out that she had modeled nude and appeared in a few adult videos. Meanwhile, a sex video of her squeezing guys' heads between her legs leaked onto the Internet. Natalia the Scissor Vixen, had suddenly arrived. Shortly after, Toastee Exposed was released by Vivid, a sex tape that Toastee claimed was released without her permission. Whatever negatives she feared might come about with the release of the sex tape never materialized and Toastee was

HIGH SOCIETY, Toastee sure caught our eye in her XXX hardcore sex romp *Toastee Exposed*. *Exposed* shows Toastee to be a veritable sexual contortionist with an uncontrollable appetite for sex.

In one 23-minute scene, Toastee spends some time posing in a black dress, then she gets nude, before allowing her boyfriend to feel her up before delivering a scorching blowjob. Unlike other

EXPOSED SHOWS TOASTEE TO BE A VERITABLE SEXUAL CONTORTIONIST WITH AN UNCONTROLLABLE APPETITE FOR SEX.

soon offered the chance to star in the Flavor of Love spin-off, Flavor of Love: Charm School.

Toastee later became one of the 25 contestants in the VH1 reality show I Love Money, which featured returning contestants from past VH1 reality shows such as Flavor of Love, I Love New York, and Rock of Love with Bret Michaels. The 25 contestants competed in physical and mental challenges en route to a \$250,000 grand prize. Toastee survived until Episode 11, when she was voted out by the others.

Since that time, Toastee has not been in the public eye, but she forever remains the most popular girl from *Flavor of Love* despite never winning. For us here at celebrity sex tapes *Toastee Exposed* does not use any looped footage. Her erotic flexibility and closely shaved pussy are hot to watch, especially with the superb lighting allowing for more than rare glimpses into her nether regions. Trust us, we found plenty to pump off to. Toastee shows great potential here; perhaps she'll return as Natalia if she needs to pay off her medical school bills. She is definitely more appealing than many of the ladies that originally appeared in *Flavor of Love*. In the end, perhaps not being selected as winner by Flava Flav was the best thing that could've happened to her!

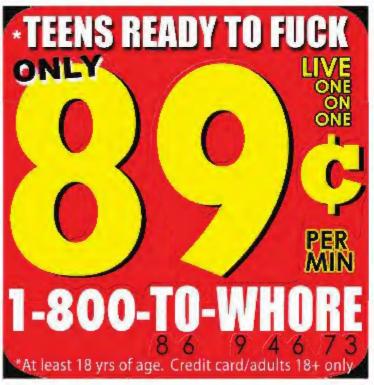
Toastee has proven that she is a star in her own right. No Flava needed!

For more information, please visit toasteeexposed.vividceleb.com.



















CLASSIFED COLUMN PERSONAL CLASSIFIED ADS

UP AND CUMMING 19 YEAR-OLD COLLEGE FRESHMAN. I want you to curn all over me. I love sex! Fucking is the greatest and it helps me pay for my college tuition. Write to me and I'll tell you all my wildest fantasies. Please include a couple dollars to help with the postage. -Kylie Lauren c/o Classified Column, Box 93159 Los Angeles, CA 90093.





I'M DIVORCED and want to hear from guys with big hard cocks who love sex as much as I do. Husband was a dud. Now I'm free to go wild. If you like far out phone sex, masturbation and cum soaked panties send \$9 and let's do it together. For my "do it with me" DVD add \$6.

-Ms. Maria Halsey c/o Classified Column, Box 93159 Los Angeles, CA 90093.

I LOVE TO GET DRUNK AND FUCK.
Bored, lonely ex-housewife wants to hear from guys with a zest for life "let's get wild!" Send \$3 post I'll answer immediately with my personal sex letter and pictures "Allison Petty c/o Classified Column, Box 93159 Los Angeles, CA 90093.





CUM ON ME PLEASE. I love guys who want to fuck my mouth and cum on my face and that's just for staters. You have to see what I do when I really get going. My hot letter and pictures tell all. \$4 postage. DVD personal movie add \$6 Lynn Taylor c/o Classified Column, Box 93159 Los Angeles, CA 90093.

I WANT TO SATISFY HORNY STUDS. Any way you like it. Hand-jobs, blow-jobs, ass fucking, role playing by letter or phone or in a threesome, Let's do it! My nasty letter \$5. My Nasty panties \$20 -Kristen B. c/o Classified Column, Box 93159 Los Angeles, CA 90093.





I WANT TO BE YOUR LITTLE FUCK SLUT. Write to me and make me do all the things your wife would never do. The kinkier the better! Personal pictures and letter \$3. Personal jack-off with me DVD add \$12 to: Natalie Curtis c/o Classified Column, Box 93159 Los Angeles, CA 90093.

CAMPUS HOTTIE. When there's a party on campus, I'm always invited because the boys know I make sure everyone leaves with empty balls. I wish I could wrap my lips around some older men. Write to me for my letter and photots \$5 postage. Sexed up panties \$16-Sandy H.

c/o Classified Column, Box 93159
Los Angeles, CA 90093.



GORGEOUS BIG ASS NYMPHOMANIAC seeking ass loving men or women to get me off with ass play. I have beautiful long legs and a very tight pink ass hole for your pleasure. I have excellent

photos and used panties send \$4. Ass masturbation DVD add \$6. Linda Gefland c/o Classified Column, Box 93159 Los Angeles, CA 90093.



I CAN'T GET FUCKED ENOUGH. I have been a bad girl and need a hard spanking. I have giant buns made for ass fucking. My return letter and pictures shows hot wet loads squirted all over them \$6 postage. My personal ass-fucking DVD \$15. Everything \$20. -Joanna F. c/o Classified Column, Box 93159 Los Angeles, CA 90093.



to Answer Ads Clip and Mail Reply to Persons Name c/o

CLASSIFED COLUMN BOX 93159 LOS ANGELES, CA 90093

Sale to minors forbidden. All ad and product performers are 18 years of age or older











f you need to ask what's so great about **Spencer Scott**, you must be a blind eunuch. This California blonde with the humpable hiney is worth drooling over as she frolicks and fingers herself on the bed. With a freshly-shaved, squeaky-clean snatch and a gullible smile, Spencer's the kind of girl you don't have to ask twice to bang twice! Always ready for whatever *cums* along, is it any wonder this spunk-junkie swallows every load that crosses her puckered lips?



















FREE CATALOG!

FARE = "O = FIRE ADULT DVDS including Foreign Erotica , "Youthful Nudism" and much more! For a complete catalog , write today to: Mr.Pomeranz(s), Box 191 - St. H., Montreal , CANADA H3G - 2K7

To: Mr.Pomeranz(S):

PLEASE RUSH ME YOUR COMPLETE FREE CATALOG!

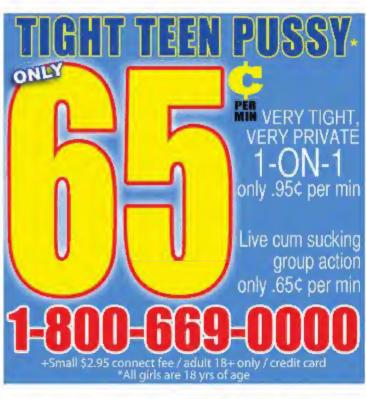
ADDRESS: _____

LIDE FUELVA





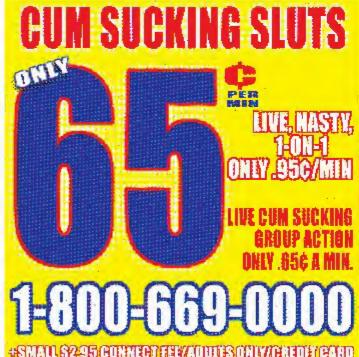


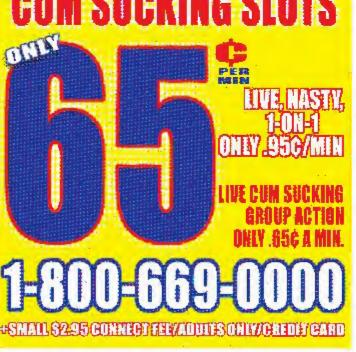




































any women find a strong, full-body massage as pleasurable as sex, chocolate, and a good red wine put together. Done correctly, a massage can stimulate and warm tense muscles, it can release pleasurable endorphins, and it can be the most perfect kind of foreplay to prepare her for some hot and hard sex. **Anissa Kate** admits that just a 10 minute full-body massage makes her pussy wet and tingly and puts her in such a pleasurable mood that by the end of the session, she's ready to bang whoever's giving her the magic touch. "You don't have to give a perfect massage," she says, her pussy throbbing and wet, her ass, relaxed and ready for dick. "Just make sure you do a thorough job and don't miss a spot." We don't think that's gonna be a problem, Anissa Kate!









































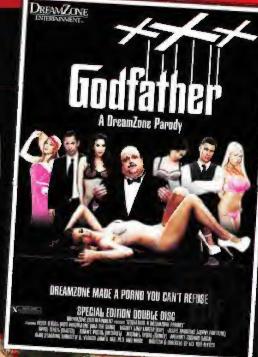






HIGH SOCIETY PRESENTS ON THE SET OF... A DreamZone Parody















STARRING: BRIDGETTE B, JESSIE ANDREWS, VERUCA JAMES, APRIL O'NEIL, AND KAGNEY LINN KARTER WITH ANTHONY ROSANO, MICHAEL VEGAS, MR. PETE, AND TOMMY PISTOL DIRECTOR: LEE ROY MEYERS STUDIO: DREAMZONE PRODUCTION

his is New York and a dimwitted parody of *The Godfather* will not be taken with a smile and rigatoni. Director Lee Roy Meyers was the man who took on the hefty task of tackling the greatest movie of all time and turning it into a quality adult film with both more sex and comedy than its original.

The lineup is solid both for acting and boffing: April O'Neil, Bridgette B, Jessie Andrews, Kagney Linn Karter, and Veruca James meet Anthony Rosano, Michael Vegas, Mr. Pete, and Tommy Pistol. The latter there turns in an excellent performance as Michael Whoreleone. For (more important) matters of sex, the best is saved for last and her initials are KLK.

Reservations aside, Godfather pulls it off. The humor works, the story is typical Meyers top quality and, we are told, no porn stars were harmed in the making of this movie. Now to the sex.

RRIDGETTE B WITH MICHAEL VEGAS

Naturally a girl who uses a letter as a last name and a guy who calls himself Vegas are a perfect fit for Godfather. Vegas plays Sonny, that fuck-up of a brother who likes to have a good time. Miss B likes to have a good time, too, and she invites the man to make it with her pussy after some deep-throating that makes one wonder just how much this strumpet can shove down her throat.

On her back she spreads wide and her takes in her full figure, which includes a rack that makes more waves than a mob war in Little Italy. Vegas gambles that his cock will fit into her snapper just as easily as it did her mouth and the slut machine pays off and he takes her hard as she moans and enjoys his power.

"Made men" typically tip well and this is no exception. He pulls out his poker and splashes his white spewy chips all over her big tits.







JESSIE ANDREWS WITH MR PETE

Since you've seen *The Godfather* (if you're the one person on the continent who hasn't, put down this magazine right now and don't come back until you've watched the first two; Part 3 can wait) you of course remember the horsehead-in-the-bed scene. Oh, the fun mobsters have! In this

version, Mr. Pete wakes up to something decidedly more pleasant: Jessie sucking on his cock. The scream is the same, but here it's one of pure pleasure.

His cock already at attention, Pete stands up and goes for a throat-fuck with this active tramp who is looking for work (Pete tests his acting abilities by playing a porn producer) and the blowjob definitely lands her the job.



VERUCA JAMES WITH ANTHONY ROSANO

Rosano plays Lucca Batzi and if you don't get that reference, again, go do your homework and return when you are prepared. Ah, forget it, just enjoy the fucking. Veruca is pale and tattooed and the proud owner of a hot little body that Lucca enjoys to its fullest. She pulls off an amazing oral sequence that will have guys marking the spot and showing it to their wives and girlfriends—"Like that, goddamnit, that's a blowjob!"—and then when he bends her over to rail her

doggie no doubt some of those significant others will be doling out their own, "Like that!" statements.

The real fun starts when she gets on top and shows off an energy that could power a Third World country and if you look closely some will swear to you there is actually a moment where you can see her fishnets start to smoke a little, on the verge of catching fire.

After giving him the hip shake, he has no problem getting his release and places a nice copious load right on her sweet ass.







Kagney Linn Karter with Tommy Pistol

You might have heard of this busty blonde named Kagney, who burst onto the scene a couple years back and, unlike so many other lovely hopefuls, has stayed on and given us endless entertainment with her classic porn star beauty and consistently hot scenes.

Kagney plays Michael's girl and this is their makeup sex. He re-familiarizes himself with her pussy, licking the front as well as the back, and testing her tightness with a two-finger poking. She does her own oral exam, sucking his cock like she's missed it more than she's ever missed anything in her life. If it's that good in her mouth, it's gotta be mind-blowing in her cunt, and there's one way to find out.

With Michael on his back, the perfect Kags gets on and rides, arching, her body an example for all, not to mention her enthusiasm and stamina. Tommy doesn't relinquish control forever, and for the closer he takes her from behind and KLK looks like she's never been happier. She snaps out of her joyful daze just in time to 180 for his creams to smack her face and tits.

It's an excellent stab at taking an amazing movie and making it one of the best adult titles of the year. Put it on your shelf between *The Godfather II* and *III* and remember, thankfully, that you don't have to see Brando naked.

For more on the bang-banging in Godfather and more, visit dreamzoneent.com.





from her fingers. Her strict diet of poon-spray sure seems to keep her heavenly body intact—so much so that this hardbody hussy has been nominated our centerfold this month. Let's all give a hand to the sexy Ms. Sommers—as long as we can stick our hand in her honeypot that is!























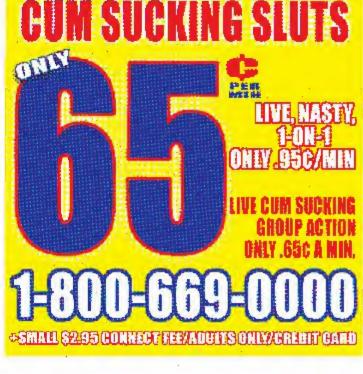
THE WORLDS FINEST SITE FOR ADULT ENTERTAINER REVIEWS

our excellence rests in the details

United Kingdom
Italy
France
Netherlands
Germany
Belgium
United States
Canada
Japan
Spain















For more information on Print & Banner/Display Advertising

PLEASE CONTACT

mpuntus@magnapublishing.com

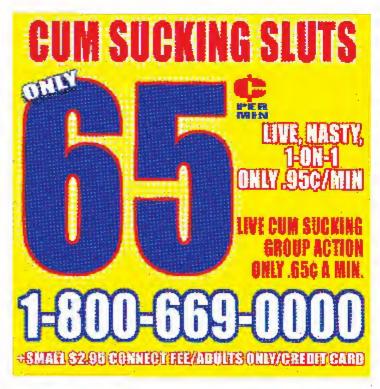
ONLINE WEBSITES

Foxmagazine.com Genesisonline.com Videoworld.com Clubgirlsxxx.com

MAGNA PUBLISHING GROUP

210 Route 4, East Suite 21 Paramus, N. J. 07652 201-843-4004















BIONIC BUILLO





ALL ANAL ALL THE TIME!!!



he military has long worked on super-secret experiments trying to meld the worlds of technology and biology to human beings and machines, hoping to transcend the limits of the human body. Of course, while DARPA is busy at work on these so-called "black" projects, porn scientists have been just as busy working on similar "pink and brown" projects of their own, like the development of the world's first bionic butthole. With her pale blue eyes and inky black hair, big-nippled tits and busty butt, **Aliz** is just the right kind of exotic woman for just such an experiment. The unstated transhuman goals for the bionic butthole project include the development of an asshole that can comfortably accommodate multiple dicks, while her pussy remains open and receptive to as many dicks as she can handle. Aliz shrieks, moans, and groans with pleasure while research participants Choky and lan ram her asshole with their gigantic rods. It's the future and, much like the two men banging Aliz's soft mouth, it's coming fast and coming hard.





















ALL ANAL ALL THE TIME!!!







































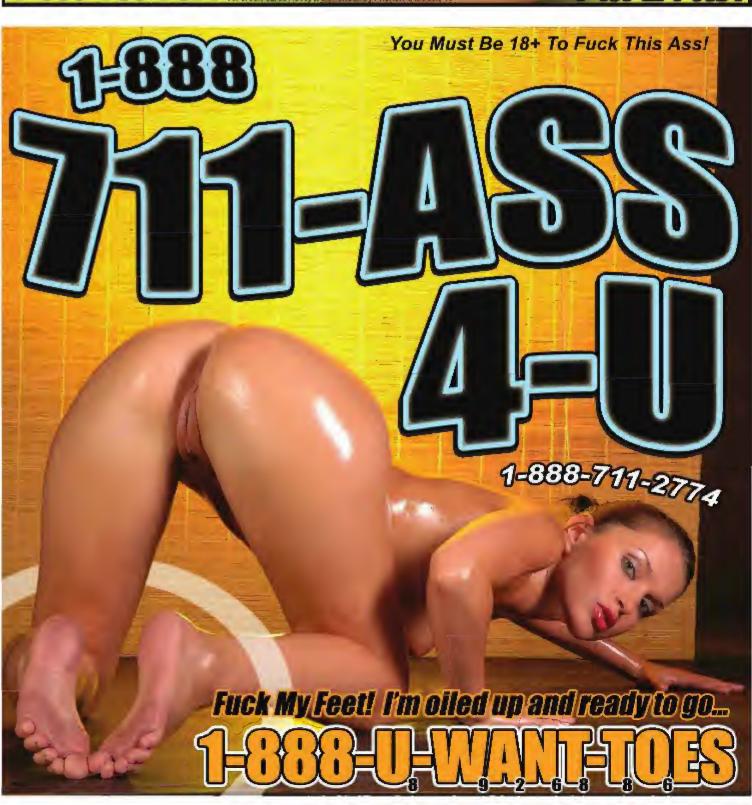














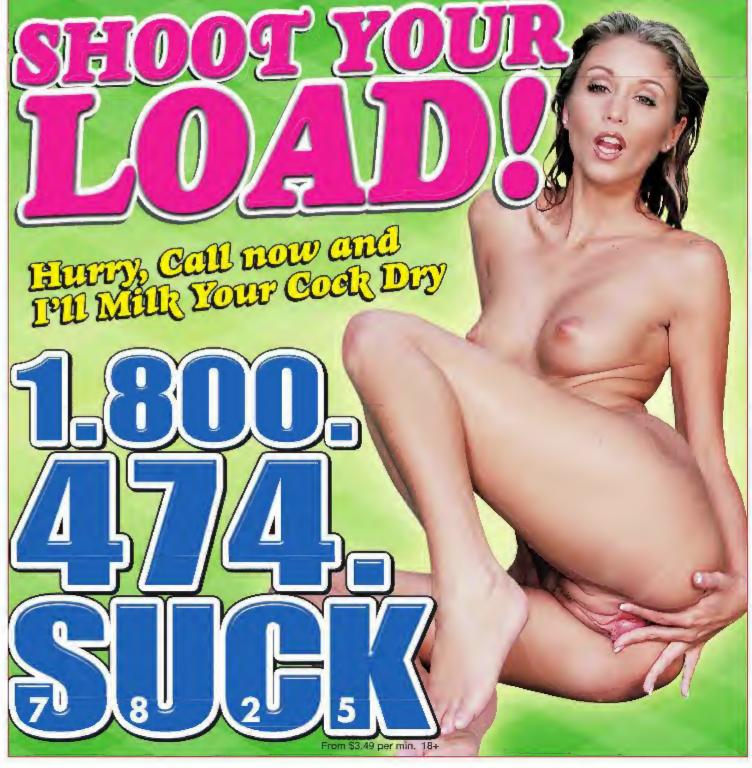












WARNING: EXTREME SEX ACTS INSIDE!

HIGH SOCIETY'S

MAXIMUM HARDCORE

The Filthiest Collection Of Explicit Sex Acts Ever Assembled!







WARNING: EXTREME SEX ACTS INSIDE!













he truth? Women go absolutely fuck-wild at male strip clubs, turning into heat-seeking whores, often grasping for, sucking, and passing around stripper schlong like a joint in a college dorm room. And unlike the constant hustle and clip of most women's strip clubs, groping is actually encouraged here! **Rebeca Linares** and **Nicole Aniston** are typical customers at Magic Mickey's, where groups of horny, frustrated women go apeshit over stripping strangers. A lucky few will even end up getting fucked and jizzed on right there in front of their horny friends. Bachelorette parties are notoriously lewd gatherings where drunken females treat the strippers like cheap pieces of meat, grasping, groping, and gobbling like wild animals. And these lucky fuckers actually get paid for this!



































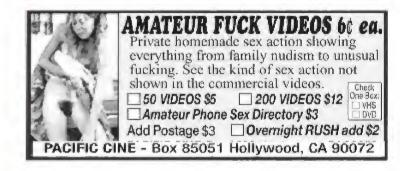








Personal Selections Box 480583 Los Angeles, CA 90048









Let's Get Acquainted With Hardcore's Hottest We're making this special premium promotion deal to get you to send for our latest wholesale to the public catalog. Send today and check out hardcore's most exciting new customer bonus buys. each Perfect for those with a passion for creative foreplay! ARTIFICIAI VAGINA #V5 Incredibly soft First Time Fuchers! and stimulating lifelike vagina. #V2 #V4 #P2 CYBER VIBRATOR **Delicately curved** ecstasy vibrator for ultra powerful sensations. LOVE DOLI Anal ecstasy love doll #V10 BITCHES with large breasts and sensuous vagina. #V9 #P4 #V14 YOUR PENIS ENLARGE TOUR PEARS Drilled & Filed With Comprehensive penis Load After Load enlarging system. #V11 回事の Advanced how-to enlargement guide, #P5 #V15 STA-HARD CREA Stay-hard lubricant desensitizing cream for Incredible Orgasms long lasting erections #P6 Vibrating deep stroke #V17 stimulator with textured latex thrill bumps. TECHNO Excitement! #V18 PUMP #V201 #V19 #P7 **PLEASURE PU** Clifs Stimulating suction pleasure pump with penis enlarging SHOCKING SEX STORIES FREAKY FUCK SHOW erection ring. M1 DAINTY DARLINGS **B2 FARMGIRLS IN HEAT** M₂ ANIMAL REACTIONS AGGRESSIVE BEHAVIOR **M3 B**3 **VIRGIN TERRITORY B4** TALES OF TINY TWATS M4 **PORNO PETS B5** ANIMALISTIC ACTS M5 M₆ PERSONAL PERVERSIONS DIARY OF A PERVERT CTENSION Slip-on penis exten-LIQUIDATORS OUTLET DEPT 0000 Box 85311 Los Angeles, CA 90072 Circle offers desired below, sion adds up to 4 enclose 99¢ vibrating inches. **NOVELTIES** each. P2 P3 P5 P6 P1 Offers selected VIDEOS on P4 at 99¢ each. (#P8 ☐ Tape or ☐ DVD P8 P9 Name Check One Box Postage \$ 6.00 V15 MAGAZINES V1 V8 24 HR Rush M1 M2 M3 V2V9 V16 add \$3 V10 V17 V3 M4 M5 M6 Address Orgasmic love V11 V18 V4 Immediate Check kit for adventur-V12 V19 BOOK5 V5 Clearance add \$1 ous sensual B1 B4 B2 B3 V6 V13 V20 City State _ Zip delights. TOTAL ENCLOSED | \$ B5 B6 V7 V14 All performers appearing herein are 184 years of age.







Please Select Format: □DVD □VHS

☐ Photo Magazines and Catalog \$5 Shipping enclose \$4 ☐ Rush Service Add \$1

Free up to date lists complete with photos and phone numbers. Have more fun than you ever thought possible! Enclose \$3 postage

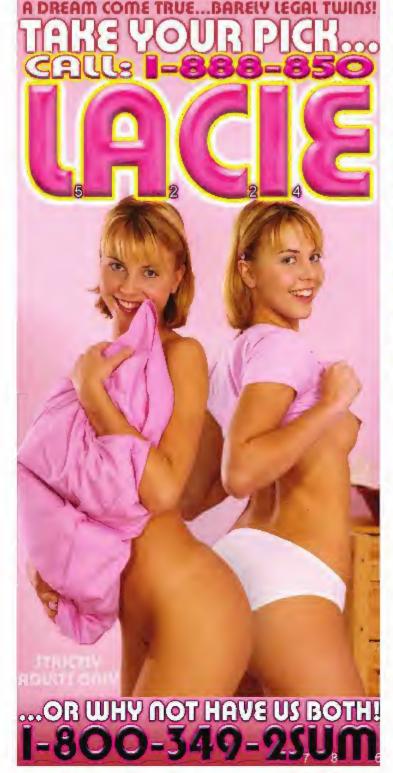
Introductory video of over 300 women \$10 □ DVD □ VHS





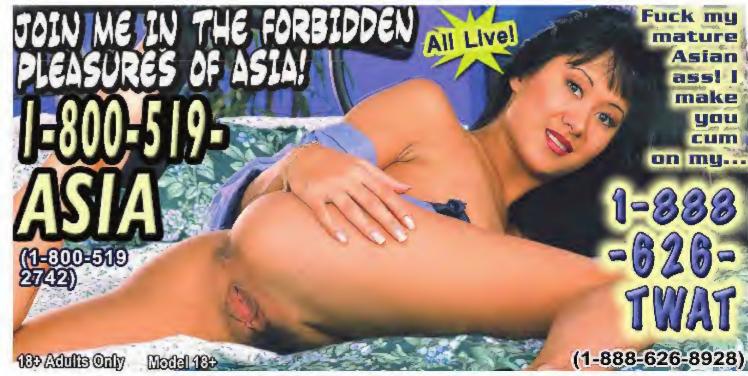


National Listing Sevice - Box 38191 Los Angeles, CA 90038





24hr.



INTERNATIONAL MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS

30 FOREIGN & U.S. DEALERS OF UNDER-THE-COUNTER DVDs, VIDEOS, & MORE!



19 and Nasty
And Never Been Kissed
Until we took pictures
of their sweet little
slits getting fucked
for the first time.

2 48 Amateur Videos S6
3 48 Photos \$1



30 VIDEOS \$7 CATALOG FREE





















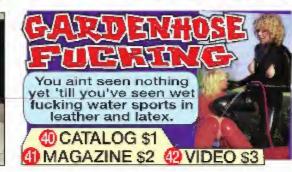


XXX CATALOG \$1

































	INENTAL PRODUCTS 85006 Hollywood, CA 90072
2 \$6	28 \$5 37 \$1 46 \$5 55 FREE 64 \$1 29 \$5 38 \$1 47 \$10 56 \$5 65 \$7 30 \$3 39 \$4 48 FREE 57 \$3 66 \$2 31 \$1 40 \$1 49 \$10 58 FREE 67 \$10 32 \$5 41 \$2 50 \$3 59 \$3 68 \$5 33 \$10 42 \$3 51 \$8 60 \$6 60 \$6 34 \$1 43 \$12 52 \$4 61 \$3 60 \$6 60 \$6 35 \$5 44 \$5 53 \$3 62 \$10 60 \$6 60 \$6 60 \$6 60 \$6 60 \$6 60 \$6 60 \$6 60 \$6 60 60 \$6 60
NOTE: ALL VIDEOS OFFERED ON THIS AD ARE AVAILABLE	U.S. funds only. Amount of orders \$ Postage (covers all orders sent today) \$ 6.00
ON DVD OR VHS FORMAT. Check your preference below	24 Hr Immediate service add \$2 \$
DVD DVHS	Return 1st class postage add \$3 \$
SALE TO MINORS FORBIDDEN	Cash Check M.O. Total enclosed \$
NameAddress	
City	State 7in















tive plasma shoot across the arc of the Earth's oceans—deadly EMPs [Electromagnetic Pulses] abrade the planet with carnage-causing death pulses. Loss of life and property are on a scale never before comprehended. The atmosphere is on fire. A lethal string of X-class solar flares hurtle earthward as our fragile blue globe enters an unprecedented crisis: the defining moment of the next 5,000 years.

Will we survive?

What could possibly have angered the sun and spurred such a ghastly outbreak and shockwave of pestilence, devastation, and terror?

"Bath salts?"

Yes, bath salts!

The illicit assassins of youth are so deadly, toxic, and malevolent that they slither and skulk up the legs of the pure and virtuous body of humankind and hold tight—they clench and squeeze the desiccated, sinewy maw of humanity's windpipe, infecting it with pandemic outbreaks of Black Death, pestilences and plagues, infestations, and wave upon wave of infectious, drug-resistant viruses preying on the mortality of man and animal alike. This particular misery is equivalent to the Trail of Tears atrocities, skull-fracturing bayonet charges in trench warfare, and poison gas attacks during WWI, the endless misery of the slave labor Holocaust camps, and the tense nuclear flare-ups threatening a multimegaton yield explosions of thermonuclear world destruction, all trundled into one 500mg foil package of Ivory Wave, a benign-looking foil package of bath salts that sells for \$29.99 and is the single greatest threat to the future of the planet.

According to news reports, that is.

We find ourselves in what are likely the final fleeting moments of life on Earth as we know and enjoy it. Whether railing a powdery white line of Vanilla Sky, smoking a furry lung full of Super Speedwagon, or tying off a vein for an IV pop of Hurricane Charlie, the synthetic stimulant cocktail known whimsically around head shops, gas stations, and websites, and on every media outlet as bath salts, can jolt even the most compassionate and gentle human being into an instant homicidal, insolent, shapeshifting zombie cannibal with an insatiable meat-lust for raw, bone-in schnozzle steak and filet-o-face procured from local homeless men.

Again, that's what the Channel 3 NewsHunter Team is currently reporting. rily on irrational, specious, rumor-swapping, and pessimistic annihilation and "end times" scenarios. Get out your Book of Revelations, order 30 years of storable food and hide in your basement—be-

your basement—because bath salts aren't going away any time soon.

While the packages of "bath salts"
"plant food," "incense" or "stain removal" agents (as
they're legally marketed) often contain
doses of volatile stimulants like methylenedioxypyrovalerone
(MDPV) and mephedrone
and clearly state that the
contents are NOT IN-

TENDED FOR HUMAN CON-

SUMPTION, once they are consumed, the paradox quickly becomes clear that the consumer is in many ways, no longer able to be considered human.

According to a succession of extremely speculative, unverified news reports starting early this summer in Miami and spreading faster than pubic lice at a furry convention, people on "bath salts" come from all walks of life, from vicious cop-biting women in maternity wards found rolling around naked and spitting blood vomit on shower room floors, to sadistic mind fuckers with a personal preference for cloven-hoofed beasts in lingerie, to human pit bulls, connoisseurs of their own filth.

Or so allege the avalanche of news reports concerning "bath salts" coming out of the American media.

Every day there seems to be a new story about people high on "bath salts" sinking to new, astonishing memes of depravity, usually involving some sort of cannibalistic bent. President Obama actually signed a bill explicitly outlawing the technically already illegal substances on July 9, 2012.

The beefy chemical tweaks made to the crank-like compounds of the cathinone family of alkaloids found naturally in the African khat plant, a leafy evergreen shrub used by the native population as a mild, ephedra-like stimulant, are made chemically unstable by manipulation processes of the active indoles, meant to stay one

sold as a quasi-legal cocaine alternative, though the latest incarnations are actually more analogous to a miserable mixture of meth and PCP (known in some parts of this drug-addled world as a fur ball).

Though many of the so-called bad "bath salt" behavior and "attackers" have so far

reality than
fact, it's
not out of
the question for
such a
chemical
combination to induce
serious mental illness and
even schizophrenia in highly suscep

had less basis in

It's as if the manufacturers of "bath salts" have managed to isolate the worst parts of the worst drugs—somehow including the paranoia of a weeklong cocaine binge, the shrieking panic and anxiety brought on by the dripping hallucinations of a 10-day meth runner, along with the insidious serotonergic side effects of MDMA and PCP, a long-recognized rock of instability in the pantheon of illicit substances.



Originally discovered by chemists in the late 1920s and mostly forgotten until the late 90s, the active ingredients in "bath salts" tend to be a bit cheaper than their street drug knockoffs. The packaging is somewhat reminiscent of early 20th Century patent medicine—some companies spend money on space-age foil wrappers while others appear to be printed by a home computer in a studio apartment.

Very few list any of the active ingredients, but there are often many exclamation points involved. The end product can be a meth-like crystal for smoking or a cocaine-like white powder, for snorting purposes.

Perhaps one of the biggest selling points of bath salts are that they don't show up in most drug tests, whereas the presence of even a trace amount of cocaine or methamphetamine could cost a person his job or even his freedom for violating his probation. The tests for the active ingredients in bath salts do exist, but they haven't fully made their way to the mainstream

While overtly marketed as a kind of soothing Epsom salt water-softener for bath time, "bath salts" are clandestinely sold as a quasi-legal cocaine alternative.

That's what concerned parents are writing in their letters to the editor of their local newspapers.

Sure, facts may be at a bit of a premium when it comes to drug policy based prima-

step ahead of prohibition by slightly tweaking the active molecule.

While overtly marketed as a kind of soothing Epsom salt water-softener for bath time, "bath salts" are clandestinely

battery yet.

"Bath salts" also describe a different class of drug—so-called synthetic marijuana found in products such as Spice. With pot now about as cheap and easy to score as day-old jelly donuts, you have to wonder who is actually buying this shit.

Plus, at one time, "bath salts" actually had less of a stigma than using cocaine or crystal meth. No more. To kids growing up in 1980s America under Nancy Reagan's Just Say No crusade, crack cocaine was something that only poor black folks smoked before losing track of their kids in the street and wandering around just long enough to get shot down in the streets.

doing meth again, and he had made the mistake that so many people seem to make that "bath salt" speed is the same as real meth. He stopped at a tobacco emporium on one of the local Indian nation cigarette wholesalers.

Matt had no idea how powerful the fake stuff really was. But he got hooked on it. And now, Matt exclusively uses "bath salts" instead of meth to piss clean. But there has been a serious marked change in his attilose mine when his goes. But most people aren't doing \$60 worth of "bath salts" per day and not sleeping for two weeks at a time.

Matt walks me to the secret garage that he lives in with his horribly ugly, strung-out Amazonian girlfriend. Perhaps he is a little more paranoid than usual. I can hear his brain ticking like the second hand of a clock. There's a huge rip in his pants which is noticeable because he usually dresses as

Perhaps one of the biggest selling points of bath salts are that they don't show up in most drug tests, whereas the presence of even a trace amount of cocaine or methamphetamine could cost a person his job.

But as of late, "bath salts" have quickly picked up the dim-witted mantle once reserved strictly for crack smokers.

22222

Matt W. works as a valet parking cars for one of Reno's oldest and most unprofitable casinos. He's a sweaty little tweaker who dresses like a prick. He started ordering "bath salts" off the Internet after a close call at work in which he sprained his ankle. Risk management at any large corporation usually insists on drug testing their employees who suffer so much as a cut finger in the workplace, so Matt was at a crossroads.

"They called me into HR half an hour before my shift ended," he says. "I thought they were going to praise me and tell me what a trooper I was for staying at work after the accident and essentially walking the whole thing off. I should've just gone home."

Standing in the vestibule of the HR head's desk was Franklin, a 70-something uniformed security guard who had allegedly been a former Detroit syndicate member and casino owner, Lincoln Fitzgerald's personal valet, way back when mob money still flooded the town and the best entertainers played Reno. Now it was a counterfeit clown carnival, headlined by Hollywood hacks and hasbeens, casino marquees announcing month-long engagements of impenetrable tribute bands, like an ABBA/Lee Greenwood homage called "Bjorn on the Fourth of July."

Anyhow, Franklin was an old chipper and Matt hooked him up with a bag of dope every once in a while so the two of them were fast pals. Franklin was sent into the bathroom with Matt to make sure he didn't pull his piss from his pocket. Franklin gladly stepped in for Matt and provided him with his clean sample. If they had used Matt's methy piss, he would have been fired immediately. Franklin's pee washed clean and Matt was off the hook.

But he was horrified at the idea of

tude. Sure, he was always a goliath asshole, but now on bath salts it's like he is an overstimulated asshole, unable to unpucker his turdbox and relax. He lives in the psychotic abyss of mephedrone.

What's worse, he came up with the bright idea of buying extra "bath salts" and stepping on them to sell as speed to tweakers. Instead of getting mad at someone and threatening to punch them in their "shittalker," now he threatens to dismember them and bury their limbs in different holes, piss on them, and cover them up with warm blood and aborted squirrel fetuses.

"Bath salts" taste different than speed when snorted or smoked. Where speed often tastes like candied bad breath, "bath salts" are more like licking the lips of a moldy vagina that's been stored in a jar of wet asbestos and pus.

"Bath salts" have destabilized what was left of Matt's brain. He's no longer whole. He never was whole, but now, he's really not whole. Media reports would have me believe that he could snap at any time and try to bbq me. I'll no longer even go out with him for a burger. It's not that I believe

the hype, I just don't want to bring
up any possible temptation.
One of these days he's
going to lose it, and I
don't want to

though he's going on stage. He roots under his raised bed for a cash box which holds another cash box inside and finally he pulls out a digi scale and gets into his stash of bath salts. He saves all the wrappers in one central location so nobody going through his trash will know what he's up to. That may sound a little paranoid, but in Reno it's just a fact of life—multiple people sift through every crumb and bottlecap you put in your garbage. Unemployment is around 15%. The suicide rate is about the same.

Matt lays out a thick rail of a favorite bath salt called "Dynamite Dynamite Plus."

I make a *Good Times* joke which he doesn't get.

That's the other thing—Matt's sense of humor seems to have suffered an untimely death.

He offers to sell me a line for \$20. He insists it's meth, even though I watched him pour it out of the Dynamite Dynamite Plus package. "It's better than meth," he says, anger in his voice. "I should be charging you \$40 a line."

I hand him the bill and he hands me a CD case and a rolled up dollar. Curious, I hit the line of Dynamite Dynamite Plus. It burns worse than a line of meth—like a punch in the fucking nose by a powerful tiny fist. I've always found meth to be stronger



when snorted than smoked, but snorting it is almost too much sometimes. It's not something I do regularly.

Matt takes the CD case and yells something about whispering. All the progressive, empathetic, mammalian parts of my brain are liquefying into raw soup, the whole mess heating up slowly until coming to a boil right there in the back of my skull. working on something. Finishing things up. I think liquor is a much more dangerous drug than heroin. Liquor renders you incapable of making anything but horrible decisions, even when the choice is a

seemingly innocuous one, such as whether

My parents were taught that smoking

which inevitably leads to performing acts

of fellatio and sabotage for the commu-

nists in exchange for a couple caps

pot inevitably leads to smoking Crack,

to sing karaoke or not.

of heroin.

"Bath salts" have quickly picked up the dim-witted mantle once reserved strictly for crack smokers.

I laugh, which just pisses him off more. The "bath salts" are still burning. My eyes are watering. Matt grits his teeth. I think he's totally losing it.

Maybe he will try to eat my face, I think. The stuff comes on pretty fast. But instead of the euphoria and sense of warmth for the people around you and the constant gab that comes along with meth, the Dynamite Dynamite Plus just makes me energetically irritated. If meth is a perfect swim in the ocean at night, "bath salts" are a homeless person floating face down in your hot tub. I want to throw up, but the part of me I want to throw up is my life.

By the eclipse in his eyes, I can see that Matt's humanity switch has been thrown. He will be snacking on derelicts within the hour. Lucky for us, Reno is lousy with homeless people.

"You getting hungry?" I ask. "You hanker for a hunk of cheese? You want to eat a bum?"

"Maybe it's a New World Order plot," suggests Matt. "To help get rid of the homeless."

"Send Alex Jones an email," I say. "See if he can get his pal Charlie Sheen on bath salts."

"If Ron Paul were president, the first thing he would do would be to re-legalize bath salts," says Matt.

"If Ron Paul were president, he'd give everybody secret decoder rings."

Matt sighs, as though digesting this information really hurts. "Mitt Romney's running mate is an alien from the planet Kolob," he says and starts fixing himself up another even fatter rail of Dynamite Dynamite Plus. "He looks like Alf, but he's not Alf." All the energy has been sucked out of Matt's sails. He seems desperate and ornery.

I take a step back and continue what I was doing. Inside, I can feel the shit burning out my synapses. I want this shit out of my head now. It doesn't make me want to blather constantly like meth, it's more introspective and scary. I imagine the warm lantern of life that illumines the human soul, from the lower orders of wild, irrationally violent animals, instantly shutting itself off and going dark. I find I feel a lot more guilty having done a line of Dynamite Dynamite Plus than I've ever felt after doing any of the so-called hard drugs. I can feel myself becoming ferocious, bloodthirsty, and insanely enthusiastic about taking an ice pick and finding a baby seal to ventilate.

Matt passes me the next line. It's half the size of his. "Hey," he says. "Dyn-o-mite!" he laughs. "I just got that."

Matt laughs, but his laugh is flatter and more polluted than it used to be. "Dyn-omite!" he laughs.

"Let's go find a bum to nibble on."



Not since the "reefer madness" movies of the 1950s, have authority figures tried to frighten the shit out of young people with so little sense of compunction as they have with "bath salts." Back in the day the movies would show a reefer fiend slipping on his "tea shades" after school at the malt shop then going and getting "turned on" by dropping acid in some Willy Wonkaman child's apartment. There would be weird but totally unwritten sexual overtones. But they didn't even have to go there to get it across. All the cool kids from school were at the malt shop. There was a 45 on the stereo, but nobody had bothered to

Of course, as many people who overdosed during the 1960s, the number pales in comparison to the multi-thousands who died in an undeclared war or a drunk driving accident. I mean, if you want to talk about "bath salts" turning people into bloodthirsty killers, then the possession of political power should be a felony. How many hundreds of millions of people died in the 20th Century alone for political rea-

> sons? Only a military man on "bath salts" could think up ideas such as dropping tankers full of jellied gasoline on villages made of thatched huts and dumping millions of tons of carcinogenic forest defoliant on top of that. How much Dynamite Dynamite was General Westmoreland taking when he dropped more tonnage of explosives on

dropped in all of World War II? That's life, in general: You're lucky if you get off with only a few bite marks taken out of your face.

the tiny country of Vietnam than was

Of course, now as was the case then, the best cure for somebody under the influence of drugs as heinous as "bath salts" is a dose of tough love-first we let the cops beat them unconscious with nightsticks and gun butts, blind them with pepper spray, and send them to the airport to be groped by the TSA, and put them on a plane to Guantanamo Bay for an indeterminate sentence where the drugs can be safely waterboarded out of their systems. There's always been a direct and familiar link between the War on Drugs and the War on War. No doubt, some Senator will soon come out and compare "bath salts" to acts of terrorism.

change the record even after it went silent—some kids freaked out, looking at their hands in their drug-addled state, others danced obliviously to the muteness or the songs in their heads. Smoking grass was like falling victim to the Domino Theory of Politics—the gateway drug model of addiction still popular among the zero tolerance Dr. Drew and John Foster Dulles

will make you want to eat human flesh...
So the story always goes that smoking grass leads straight to the hard stuff. It's the gateway drug. Always. It's like the Domino Theory—if we let Vietnam fall to the commies, next time it will be an even bigger, more important country.

crowd. Both guys made their bones al-

legedly taking kickbacks from anti-depres-

sant companies. Speaking of a drug that

I don't smoke weed at all. I don't get any pleasurable effects from it. On the contrary, it makes me fear for my life. In my brain, pot reacts closer to LSD than anything else. I can't stand the smell of the smoke or the whole burn-out culture surrounding it. I like drugs that make me want to do work, that make me stay up all night

22222

From my admittedly limited personal experience with "bath salts" I know that it certainly does produce amphetamine-like properties, including a degree of speedy euphoria. It's certainly as strong and hard of a drug as meth and dope. Any extreme degree of agitation inherent in "bath salts" obviously lies in the fact that the active chemicals are not as clean of a fit. Wherein heroin and thus morphine fit snugly in our brain's endorphin receptors, bath salts are like ill-fitting puzzle pieces. These uneven wedges are what produce the more unwanted, more atypical side effects, including certain psycho-emotional effects more closely associated with drugs like MDMA or even heavy disassociatives like PCP, a drug that I've never had a desire to take. These side effects are obviously more pronounced in those whose brains are predisposed toward mental illness like anxiety and panic, as is mine. Some, who are especially vulnerable to schizophrenia-type illness, could conceivably experience a "bath salt"-induced schizophrenic episode, though not even a 500mg dose of limited edition "Charley Sheene Bath Powder" (on sale for \$34.99 and guaranteed to contain Tiger Blood as well as an overdose of dated catchphrases) is likely to propel a schizophrenic into a state of face-eating cannibalism.

Some liken the active ingredients to be more like an uneven combination of cocaine and meth. The side effects certainly suggest such a combination: higher blood pressure, increased heart rate, agitation, hallucinations, and delusions. While problematic for some people, engaging in human cannibalism is not one of the more common side effects.



My most frightening experience with "bath salts" was my first, and it occurred several years before I had even heard of them. I was at Mrs. Toad's, drunk as a clown on stage singing "Sexual Healing" to Ladybird Johnson, as the former president had just passed. I had met this dude who called himself Chewy. We had been drinking Irish Car Bombs when he mentioned he had just come in from the Bay Area with members of a national motorcycle club, who had brought about more than 15 lbs. of good quality meth in with them and it was his job to get rid of it. He offered to match me point for point on a forty and then double it. He might as well have sold me a bag of dead moths because even though I paid for a 40 and was promised

overstimulation and severe panic. I grabbed an ice pack and hit the floor, just hoping the shit wouldn't leave me with any permanent damage. It felt as though I were being dragged along the pavement. One of the guy's friends, a middle aged blonde woman in a flannel coat, came and stayed in my room and tried to pity me into fucking her. By this time I was physically shaking. The scars and burns on her stomach looked like she had recently given birth to several dozen wet, pissed-off feral cats, and then celebrated by shooting off a load of fireworks out of the puncture wounds. I certainly couldn't and wouldn't fuck her, but I did end up paying her \$20 to lie there with me and stroke my back all night, just to keep me from crossing the line into what felt like imminent psychosis. I needed that sense of touch to keep the psychoactive part from turning into a bad trip. It was pure hell for the next six or seven hours, ebbing and flowing, a bit like shooting meth and taking a tab of acid. One of the dudes in the other room broke into my drawer and stole \$200 from my stash. The other kid totally killed my laptop with porn viruses he caught while looking for Russian pantyhose pix and pictures of animals in lingerie. His history went back hundreds of pages. That madness I blamed on the meth. Amphetamines put a lot of lead into your pencil. Some guys smoke a dub of meth and then stay up masturbating for 24 hours straight. But at no time when I was under the influence of the bad "bath salts" did I begin craving the taste of human flesh, let alone human kindness. I wanted all three of these horrible people out of my house, but I couldn't make them leave if the woman

I managed to get through the night. She showed up at my door several times in the next week, always drunk, and always with a different guy. She wanted me to let her and her date use my bedroom to have sex in. I couldn't tell if she was working or what the hell her damage It was one of the longest

help,

22222

nights of my life, that cruel brush with

mephedrone bath salts.

"Bath salts" certainly didn't turn me into a raving cannibal lunatic.

Surely, I couldn't be the only one who reacted lousy to the stuff, but didn't go eating people because of it.

It's a common strategy of the anti-drug agencies to find a new, rather unknown quantity to blame for a rash of horrible acts. Despite most of the perpetrators of the so-called "bath salt" crimes of early

Curious, I hit the line of Dynamite Dynamite Plus. It burns worse than a line of meth—like a punch in the fucking nose by a powerful tiny fist.

80, I ended up with a lousy dub that had been cut with lousy quality bath salts. There was no 15 pounds or any biker gang. This guy was a hustler. Still, I was feeling good and invited the guy and his two friends over to my house to do a few lines. I started out with a huge drunken line of the stuff and felt the initial surge of energy, but almost immediately I was swimming in she was necessary to my sanity. If she left, I knew I might lose my tenuous grasp on everything.

Reasonably, if there were really a drug that could so reliably cause the population to turn into cannibalistic zombies, that shit would have long ago found its way into our tap water.

Somehow, despite the horrible woman's

summer testing negative for bath salts, once the media had established the "bath salts" meme, it was a hard one to break. Anytime anybody did something unstable, whether it was a morbidly obese guy who walked into a department store, yanked down his sweatpants and started shitting out meteorites onto the floor or a mixed martial arts freak tearing

his roommate's heart from his chest and eating it like a hand fruit, "bath salts" immediately got the blame. The Denver woman who was caught pissing on a \$30 million Clyfford Still painting in December 2011 tried the "bath salt" defense. The only person who needed a defense in my opinion whoever paid \$30 million for that overpriced piece of Abstract Expressionist shit in the first place.



While it was once rather easy to purchase the worst of these products at your local head shop, gas station, or one of the bodegas that sell crack pipes as "vases," the government has already moved to make the "bath salt" chemicals and all of their one-off analogues illegal. U.S. Attorney Timothy Heaphy held a press conference in May 2012 they had already been promising that the DEA would ramp up supreme enforcement of the new "bath salt" laws. Of course, it's not pure cynicism for anybody who's studied the history of the DEA, the CIA, and the general antidrug alphabet agency crowd to think of this kind of drug emergency as being anything but a wet dream for them. A "bath salt" epidemic means more money for more enforcement actions. Of course, the only thing banning a substance does is guarantee that its price will skyrocket, and the purity will go down. The Drug War has been and always will be more about politics than substance abuse. Even though a great argument can be and is often made especially by libertarians that it is actually unconstitutional to ban drugs, as the federal government wasn't designed to micromanage what every citizen is ingesting or is not ingesting in his or her body, the USA isn't so much about the Constitutionality of things these days. Sure, we have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness except when, you know, we don't.

The big motivation, as always, is money. Local authorities want more money to fight the war on "bath salts" and the "zombie cannibal apocalypse" even if they are fighting against a phantom menace. Already there are dark rumblings from the cops about needing more resources to fight against "bath salts" despite over

tent in patent medicines. Of course, the big scare then was that the opium dens were run by nefarious Chinese men whose life goal it was to stick honorable yellow cock into white vagina-san, while the ladies slept under the spell of the poppy.

"Bath salts" are still widely available on the Internet and likely will be for a time. They seem to be manufactured in China where the purchaser can have whatever label he wants put on the product, which accounts for the thousands of names of what are essentially the same compounds. That means that "Tony Danzer's Dat's a Hickey Remover" could be the exact same mixture as "Theo Huxtable's Jamming on the One." You can buy Ricky Bobby, Kush Blitz, Vanilla Sky, Ivory Wave, Blue Silk, Tranquility, the Am Hi Co.'s Mind Bliss and Mellow Madness all for around \$30.

"Bath salts" sound like a plausible epidemic, but the numbers just don't add up. The American Association for Poison Control Centers said nationwide in 2010, there were 304 cases of "Bath Salt" overdoses treated. In the year 2011, that number skyrocketed to 6,138. But halfway through 2012, and the number was down to 1,302 cases.

In the 1960s, LSD threatened to undermine the very fabric of society. An example was

made of Charles Manson.

Though most people who took LSD didn't go on to carry out the gruesome murder of pregnant Hollywood actresses, the antidrug guys were completely unsuccessful at containing acid.

In the 1970s, marijuana was becoming more and more potent. It was a problem. Some states passed laws promising lengthy prison sentences for possession of a single joint. Looking around today, pot is cheaper than broccoli. Another victory for the DEA.

The 1980s were all about crack cocaine. At least if you lived in a poor black neighstrung out for a few years, but dope never went away.

The 2000s saw a retreat back to the relative safety prescription drugs. The advent of 80 and 160mg Oxycontin pills meant that all you had to do was suck off the top layer of color, crush it up and suddenly your grandmother was your best connection for dope. The DEA resonded by making it harder to get any prescription drugs.

Right now is all about "bath salts" and very likely other strange compounds that nobody but Alexander Shulgin has ever even synthesized. 2-CT7 and 2CTB are incredibly expansive psilocybin-like drugs. "Bath salts" are a cheap high available when meth isn't around. But again, if you want to see cannibalism in action, you'll be more likely to find it at a Bilderberg meeting than on a highway in Florida. After the DEA washes its filthy hands with

> this latest go around, it'll be the job of the major media to let the story slowly fade away instead of printing any retractions. Despite a total lack of empirical evidence,

the media reports bath salt speculations as facts. Claiming there is a cannibal cluster associated with "bath salts" before a toxicology study or autopsy report has even been filed is typically irresponsible. Of course, if you want to

talk about human leftovers,

one only has to look at drunk driving statistics. On average,

one person dies every 32 minutes due to the actions of a drunk driver. That's 12,500 deaths every year, or an even 34 people every day mangled in speeding tin cans or flattened by cement retaining walls.



To see the way that rumors and outright bullshit can feed into fabrications of drug abuse, all you need to do is look objec-

If meth is a perfect swim in the ocean at night, "bath salts" is a homeless person floating face down in your hot tub.

\$100 billion having been spent fighting the drug war years previous. Of course drugs have just become more plentiful and cheaper to acquire than ever. Nobody at the DEA (and that's a workforce of over 11,000 anti-drug warriors with bills to pay) wants an end to the drug war-their very careers, livelihoods, the payment of their mortgages requires that there be an unsuccessful war on drugs. All the "bath salt" hype is great viral marketing for the stuff. It's a scam that's been going on in this country since the authorities started to regulate the opium and morphine con-

borhood where the CIA was bringing loads of it into. Sure, crack is still a problem in the ghettos, but it's an easy drug to quit. All you need is \$20 worth of meth and you never feel the need to do crack ever again.

In the 1990s, heroin was the drug of choice among musicians from the Northwest. That's because that was when the Mexicans had organized not only importation of the drug into the US on huge scales, but had set up their distribution methods west of the Mississippi. It may have technically become uncool to be

tively at the War on Drugs as fought for the last four decades. Alternatively, one must only research the hardcore "Jenkem" epidemic of a few years back. Thanks to an online hoax, several law enforcement agencies actually sent out warnings for their officers to look out for and TV news crews reported that young people were addicted to a substance called jenkem.

Jenkem is made, apparently, by fermenting raw sewage then inhaling it.

Jenkem even came with its own street name: butt hash.

I'd rather eat somebody's face. 🌉











done many great scenes with him. Asian Anal Assault was one of my favorites! He brings out a great side in pretty much anyone he works with.

HS: Gangbanged 3 from Elegant Angel I feel is your best performance. What was your reaction when you were approached to do it?

LK: My reaction was excitement! Mason is by far one of my favorite directors, so to be a part of any movie she does is always thrilling. I had so much fun with that scene. It was my first, so it was exciting all around!

Before porn I
was definitely
wilder. I had tried
threesomes,
group, and anal.
I had multiple
partners and liked
experimenting.

HS: Did you do any sort of preparation for it?

LK: Of course, but I don't overdo it.

Straining my body for something in my opinion just makes it more difficult. I really enjoy anal, so for me there isn't much I've got to do to get myself ready for it. I've learned a lot about my body and how it works, and what I like and don't like.

HS: Did you know beforehand there would be a lot of anal involved?

LK: Yes, I was told. I was a little nervous because you can't force your body to do something you don't know it can do. But the scene went smoothly and I had an amazing time.

H5: What was more intense, filming that gangbang scene in Gangbanged 3 or filming L For London?

LK: That's like comparing apples and oranges. *L for London* was a bigger project, I had more time and it was my first anal [scene]. *Gangbanged 3* was one scene with DP, one after the other. Both were such great experiences!

HS: What was your favorite scene in L For London?

LK: My first scene for *L For London* was with Prince, one of my favorite performers. We always work well together and are friends off set as well, so it was easy being on set and working together when we can joke around and have a good time.

HS: You started off not doing anal and now you're doing anal in almost all your scenes. Were you always into anal and what was your first anal experience like?





LK: I actually didn't know if I'd do anal on camera. I had only done it a few times off camera, so it was a little nerve racking. Now, I love it! But I took my time getting into shooting it, so I figured out what techniques for prepping were right for me.

HS: Would you consider yourself an anal queen?

LK: I would like to be in the category of the anal queens with all the other great performers, but I don't know. You tell me?

HS: Of course, I would consider you an anal queen. What is it like being anally penetrated by two guys?

LK: It's definitely an intense feeling that I can't compare to anything else. I'm glad I

got to be one of the few to experience it. It's definitely a tight squeeze, but I don't know how else to explain it.

HS: As an Asian performer do you get offered a lot of Asian-themed scenes to perform in or mostly scenes where your ethnicity doesn't matter?

LK: I get offered both, which is great because it gives me more variety of scenes.

HS: Before porn were you really wild sexually? Did you have threesomes, orgies, group sex, anal sex, and multiple partners?

LK: Before porn I was definitely wilder. I had tried threesomes, group, and anal. I had multiple partners and liked experimenting. Now that I'm in porn, off camera I'm not as wild because performing in front of the camera gives me the opportunity to be wild, crazy, and sexual.

HS: You haven't done a lot of features or parodies. Will you be doing any soon? **LK:** I'm not sure. I'd love the opportunity, but I don't know.

HS: What's one parody you would love to be the star of?

LK: I'm not sure what's left to do. So many have been done.

HS: How old were you when you realized the power of your sexuality; when you realized you can use your sexuality to get what







you wanted?

LK: I feel like I've always known the power of my sexuality. I've always had a high sex drive, so I would always notice guys noticing me.

HS: What's the best and worst thing about being a porn star?

LK: I don't look at what I do as having

this is a woman's industry run by men. It's been very empowering throughout the years, and I've gotten to see and meet lots of people and go to many places.

HS: Where would you rate yourself, looks-wise and body-wise, on a scale of one to ten?

LK: The industry has made me very confi-

worst physical feature and why? **LK:** My best features are my tits, ass, and face.

HS: Are you a very dominant or submissive person?

LK: I'm both. It takes a strong personality to dominate me, but when that person comes along every once and awhile, I love

I feel like I've always known the power of my sexuality. I've always had a high sex drive, so I would always notice guys noticing me.

worst parts, necessarily. Best parts for me are the experiences and the people. I get to really explore my sexuality and take hold of it. I've learned a lot about myself and how to be a stronger woman. I think

dent both sexually and as a person. I think I'm about an eight, both body-wise and looks-wise.

HS: What would you say is your best and

the chemistry. I'm very controlling in many aspects of my life, so I like to have someone take control in the bedroom.

HS: Were you the first or last of your







friends to lose your virginity?

LK: We all lost our virginity about the same time.

HS: Do you masturbate often?

LK: I go in spurts. If I'm working, stressed, or busy, it's hard to find time. But other times I can barely peel myself away from my Hitachi.

HS: Who or what do you think about when you masturbate?

LK: I mainly fantasize about anal. I'm more of a voyeur, so I picture other people

having sex than me being involved.

HS: Do you watch porn regularly, and if so, what kind of porn movies do you like to watch?

LK: I don't really watch porn, but when I do I watch amateur or Euro-porn.

HS: What sexual fantasies have come true for you since you started working in the business?

LK: DP's and boy-boy-girl encounters. I love attention, so having two guys play with me is always fun.

HS: Describe the hottest scene you've ever been involved in. Who did you perform with and what was the name of the film?

LK: One of the hottest was Asian Anal Assault. It was a boy-girl anal scene with Nacho Vidal for Evil Angel, one of my favorite companies, so it was good all around!

For more information on London Keyes, please visit www.londonkeyes.com and follow London on Twitter @LondonKeyes.









Cum And Get It! 1-900-745-2344

\$3.99/min Over 18 Only











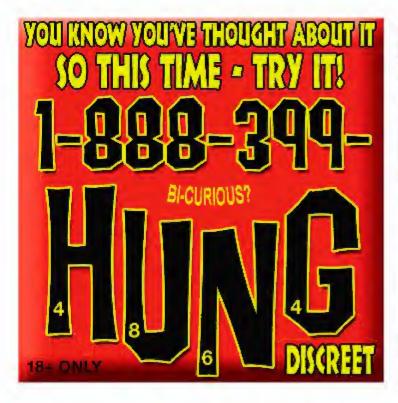






















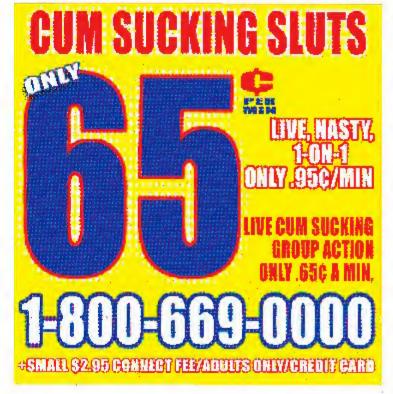
















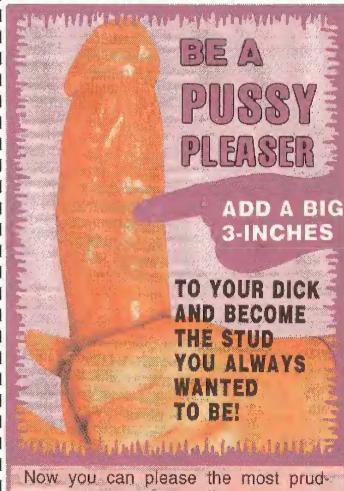






SIGNATURE (Will not be shipped unless signed)

CUSTOM PRODUCTS Dept. R12 Box 85311 Los Angeles, CA 90072



ent pussy with our amazing new product that will make your dick THICKER and FIRMER. ADD 3-INCHES or MORE right now. No pills, weights or drugs. A natural way to prosthetically increase the size of your dick.

REG. \$19.95 3-INCH NOW 895

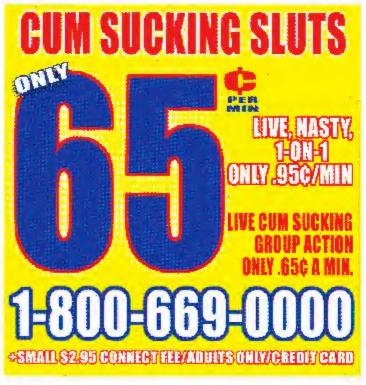
DELUXE 6-INCH

ONLY

\$3 Shipping Add \$2 Overnight Service

CUSTOM PRODUCTS Dept R3 Box 85311 Los Angeles, CA 90072





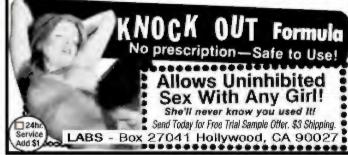














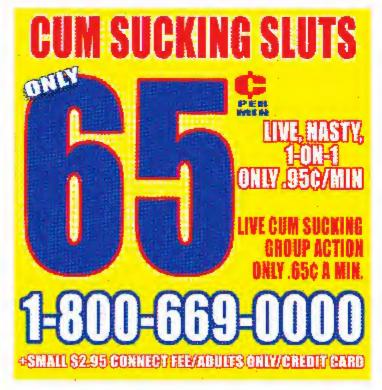




















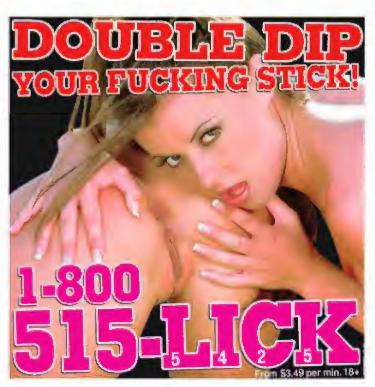










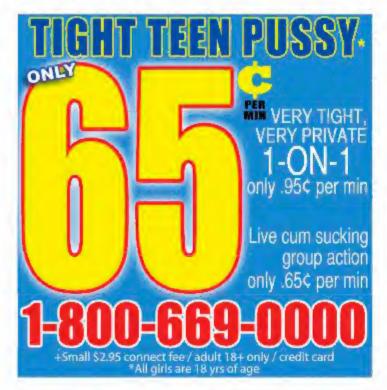






Special Premium Giveaway Offer Sent Immediately By Overnight Express Service

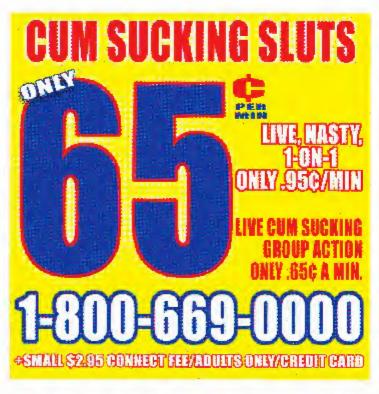








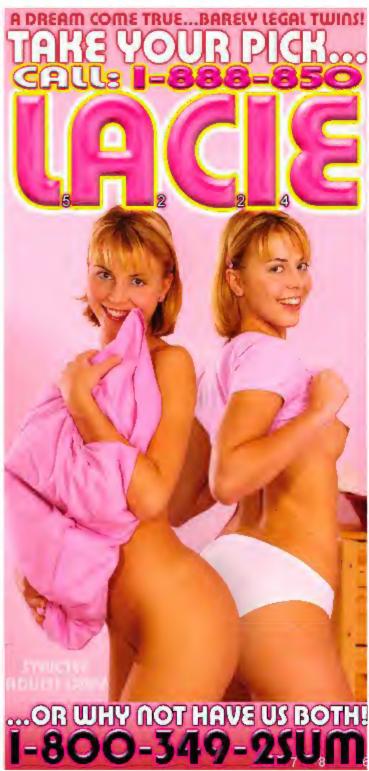
























PRINCESS OF PUSSY

beyond the drawbridge and moat of a beautiful European castle, that's probably because she is—the smoky-eyed sex fiend actually grew up behind the walls of her family's fortified residence in Eastern Europe. Crystal is a genuine princess, and despite her walloping good looks, she admits that she finds palace life to be a hindrance to her dating life. "Guys are always too intimidated when they come here," she says. "I haven't been asked out on a date on two years!" Hard to imagine this queen-to-be sitting on her throne all alone. "Sometimes I think I'd much rather be a commoner sitting on a hard dick," she laughs, then spreads her lonely, neglected pussy with a pout. Maybe someday, some guy will come along with enough nerve to nail her. Until then, Crystal's got her royal jewels to wear and her royal dildos to fuck herself with. Won't somebody come save this princess from her royal neglect?

























www.1800jackoff.com 2 5 3 3 6 Take your beatings like a man then abuse my meat pole! **Experience** matters... Can you keep... UPP 1-888-909-Com fock this now! 8+ Adults Only Most major credit cards accepted/check by phone/ home phone/cell phone. \$1.98 to \$3.98 per/min. + a tiny \$2.98 connect fee.





COMING IN JANUARY HIGH SOCIETY ON SALE OCTOBER 30th



o you're wondering what makes next month's edition of HIGH SOCIETY so fucking special? With New Year's cums new hot chicks to whack off to, like the yummy Yoha taking a missionary drilling. Plus Cassie Laine drops by and drops her skirt, making things a little more comfortable for everybody involved! Not one to be outdone, Suzie slurps Rebecca's undercarriage while the big-titted Ainsley doesn't need any help to make us yelp! That and plenty more in our January edition—don't forget to grab your copy, on sale October 30th!